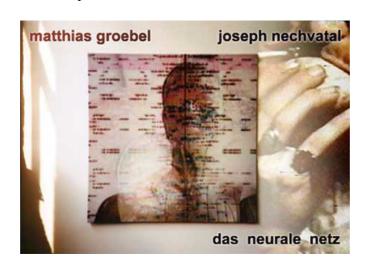
a millionmillion conscious machines

1997 written for Das Neural Netz Galerie Karin Sachs, Munich Joseph Nechvatal and Mathias Groebel



The atomic wind catches your wings and you are propelled backwards into the future, an entity time travelling through the late C20th, a space case, an alien angel maybe, looking down the deep throat of a million catastrophes, screenflash of a millionmillion conscious machines burns brilliant

users caught in the static blitz of carrier fire
unseeing the download that scribbles on their burnt-out retinas
seize in post real epileptic bliss

Sucked in, down through a vortex of banality. You have just missed the twentieth century. You are on the brink of the millennium - which one - what does it matter? It's the cross dissolve that's captivating. The hot

contagion of millennia fever fuses retro with future, catapulting bodies with organs into technotopia . . . where code dictates pleasure and satisfies desire.

Pretty pretty applets adorn my throat. I am strings of binary.
I am pure artifice. Read only my memories. Upload me into your
pornographic imagination. Write me.

Identity explodes in multiple morphings and infiltrates the system at root.

Unnamable parts of no whole short circuit the code recognition programs flipping surveillance agents into hyper-drive which spew out millions of bits of corrupt data as they seize in fits of schizophrenic panic and trip on terror.

So what's the new millennium got to offer the dirty modemless masses? Ubiquitous fresh water?

Simulation has its limits. Are the artists of oppressed nations on a parallel agenda? Perhaps it is just natural selection? The pleasure's in the dematerialization.

We are the malignant accident which fell into your system while you were sleeping. And when you wake we will terminate your digital delusions, hijacking your impeccable software.

Your fingers probe my neural network. The tingling sensation in the tips of your fingers are my synapses responding to your touch. It's not chemistry, it's electric, extending my boundary but in cipher space there are no bounds <or so they say> BUT IN SPIRALSPACE THERE IS NO THEY there is only *us*

entice me

splice me

map my ABANDONED genome as your project
artificially involve me
i wanna live forever
upload me in yr shiny shiny PVC future

Subject X says transcendence lies at the limit of worlds, where now and now, here and elsewhere, text and membrane impact.

Where truth evaporates.

Where nothing is certain There are no maps

The limit is NO CARRIER, the sudden shock of no contact, reaching out to touch <someone>

but the skin is cold...

The limit is permission denied, vision doubled, and flesh necrotic.

Command line error

Heavy eyelids fold over my pupils, like curtains of lead. Hot ice kisses my synapses with an (ec)static rush. My system is nervous, neurons screaming - spiraling towards the singularity. Floating in ether, my body implodes.

Joseph Nechvatal





